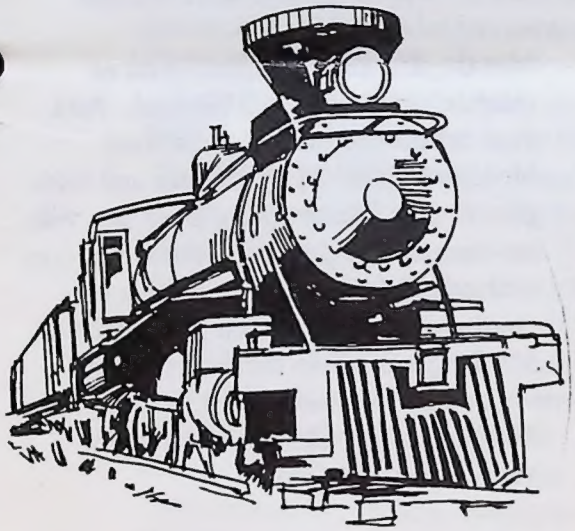
NUGGETS OF NEWS

RAILROAD GAP:
Railroad Gap Creek near upper Evans Creek takes its name from a pass surveyed by the Oregon and California Railroad in the 1870's as a possible route from Cow Creek into the Rogue Basin. It was never used.
Taken from Mail Tribune, January 1997.

THE CABIN AT RAILROAD GAP.
Built in 1937 by "CCC" boys to replace the original cabin built in 1870. Located on forest rd. #1424 at head of Cow Creek trail. Photo taken June 1995 by Ted Wharton.

Our 1997 Historic Railroad calendar has many early photos and history of the early day railroad as it came through the valley. If you haven't picked one up yet, there is a limited quantity still available at the Museum, open from 10 to 4, Wed. thru Sunday. If you live out of the area and would like us to mail you one the cost is $5.00 for the calendar and $1.00 for shipping and Handling. Just mail a Check to P.O. Box 26, Gold Hill, Or. 97525 and we would be happy to mail you one.



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A PRAYER FOR OLD AGE

"LORD, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I an growing older and will some day be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody; helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end."

"Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains; they are increasing, and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others; pain, but help me to endure them with patience."

"I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility, and a lessened cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken."

"Keep me reasonably sweet. I do not want to be a saint; some of then are so hard to live with; a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me the ability to see the good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people, and give me, O Lord, the grace to tell them so."

Submitted By:
Father Tom E. Langer

KERRIE'S KITCHEN

HIGH PROTEIN LEMON CHEESE CAKE

INGREDIENTS

3	8 ounce packages fat-free cream cheese
3/4	Cup sugar
1	Teaspoon vanilla
1	Teaspoon lemon extract
1	Teaspoon grated lemon peel (the yellow part)
3	Tablespoons lemon juice
3	Scoops vanilla protein
1/4	Cup non-fat sour cream
1/4	Cup graham cracker crumbs

Mix the first six ingredients with an electric mixer until well blended. Add sour cream and protein. Mix until blended lightly. Spray bottom and sides of a 9" pie plate or spring-from pan with no-stick cooking spray. Sprinkle bottom with crumbs. Pour the cream cheese mixture into the prepared pan. Bake at 300 Degrees for 45 to 50 minutes or until center is almost set. Cool. Refrigerate three hours or overnight. Makes eight servings.

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DENTON WILSON
Owner & Technician

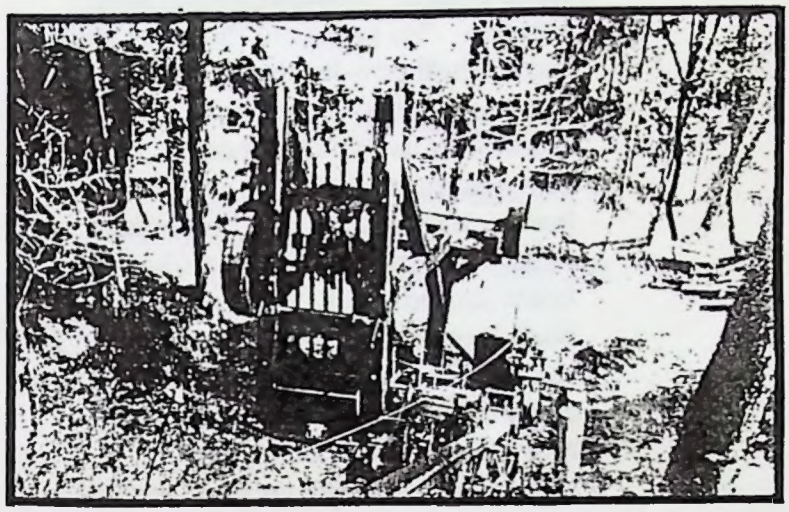
STAMPMILL DONOR

Jack Martin, grandson of Joshua Beeman and who was born and raised in the Beeman-Martin house which is home to our museum, has made a generous donation for the restoration of the historic stampmill.

The stampmill was hauled down Sardine creek from its original setting at the site of the old Lucky Bart mine in 1996. The mine was first leased then owned by Joshua Beeman, builder of the Beeman - Martin house. ownership then transferred to his wife Hattie Beeman, daughter of Bill Hay, the early day blacksmith. Beeman had purchased and set up the mill in 1892 where it crushed ore intermittently until its final breakdown in 1965 while owned by A.L. Harrison.

The mill was acquired by G.H.H.S thru co-operation of the B.L.M., and claim owner Jim Dodson who has owned the claim over 3 years. A group of volunteers were instrumental in loading, hauling and unloading the heavy piece of machinery. Local loggers donated trucks, flatbed trailers and a log loader to do the job. Jim Dodson quoted: " I want the historic Beeman Mill to come back home to the old Beeman property where it rightfully belongs". Some question of ownership and possible out of town sales had surfaced in the past but Dodson's claim was valid and was substantiated by existing mining laws. G.H.H.S. is presently in the process of restoring the relic which will stand at the back of the property.

Ted Wharton.



VOLUNTEERS

Once upon eternity above the clouds so high, there were some chosen angels, who had no wings to fly.

Their hands were made for helping, their hearts were tender too, their smiles were warm and happy and glowed as halos do, So God sent down these angels because they are such dears, to spread their gentle love on earth...

WE CALL THEM VOLUNTEERS.

(Author Unknown)

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ODE TO THE BURRO

Thar's some folks don't like burros--I've whupped that sort in my prime--an' folks as don't like burros, they aint wuth a burro's time. (Wind an' a stray drop splashin'. 'Fit swings to the north she'll snow; she'll powder that scarred slashin' like a girl dolled fer her beau.) Yep, some folks as don't like burros, I set that down as queer; but folks as don't like burros, they never knew Milton here. Milton is what I calls him; an' heaven know jest how old. He packs without a hitch-loop a heart that's nugget gold. I seldom cites from scriptoor--I jogs along in my class-but seems I mind a story, how Christ rode in on an ass.

Milton he knows the weather--he's wise in his dumned ol' head--reckon he yearns the valley, an' oats in a shake-roof shed. (Wind an' the first flake straying. You hear how they comes through the trees--it minds me of winter sleighin' an' the *hoosier huskin' bees.)* Milton he's sage to weather, he knows that the trails will slip; he's grievin' some for summer, with sorrowin' underlip. Hosses breaks at a shadder, or turns with the storm to stray; but milt don't need to tether-you couldn't drive him away. Goes wherever I rambles, though I leads him far from grass. I seldom cites from scriptoor--but Christ rode in on an ass.

Thar's some folks don't like burros--I pities 'em from my soul--for folks as don't like burros, aint more than a quarter whole. (Wind and the heavenly fountang sifting fuzz from the ol' man's geese. She'll lay foot-deep on this mounting, like the pledge of a perfect peace.) Milton he loves a camp fire; he takes a cuss like a gift; he'll browse from granite boulders, an' drink from a desert drift; come whenever I calls him; foller wherever I leads--I swear that his eyes spells sorrer, when even my ol' thumb bleeds. Wise with a tech of humor, an' meek with a spice of sass--I cites to them as jokes us, how Christ rode in on an ass.

By: Ben Hur Lampman
Written in 1915

Dear Son,

Your Pa has a new job- the first one in 48 years. We are all a little better off now. Fact is, we are making so much money we don 't know what to do with it all. Pa gets $17.50 every Thursday.

We decided we would do a little fixing up so we went to Montgomery Ward for one of them new bathrooms you hear of people having in their homes. It took the plumber to get it fixed up in shape. On one side of the room is a big long something like a pig trough, only you get in and wash all over. Then on the other side of the room is a little white thing called a sink. Here's where you wash your face. But just listen to this! Over in yonder corner we really got something! This is a thing you put one foot in and wash it clean, Then you push a handle and get fresh water for the other foot. Two lids came with it but we ain't got no use for them. So I use one for a bread board, and the other one has a hole in it, so we put Grandpa's picture in it.

Montgomery Ward is awful nice people to trade with. They even sent a roll of white writing paper with the outfit. We don't write much, so I use it to wrap Pa's lunch in.

Write Soon - Ma
(Unknown Author)

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A MOTHER WRITING TO HER SON

Dear Son:

Just a few lines to let you know that I'm still alive. I'm writing this letter slowly because I know that you cannot read fast. You won't know the house when you come home---we've moved.

About your father--he has a lovely new job, he has 500 men under him. He is cutting grass at the cemetery.

There was a washing machine in the new house when we moved in, but it isn't working too good. Last week I put 14 shirts into it, pulled the chain, and I haven't seen the shirts since.

Your sister Mary had a baby this morning. I haven't found out whether it is a boy or a girl, so I don't know whether you're an aunt or uncle.

Your Uncle Dick drowned last week in a vat of whiskey in Dublin Brewery. Some of his work mates dived in to save him, but he fought them off bravely. We cremated his body, and it took three days to put out the fire.

Your cousin, Stosh, has a good job doing construction work. Up until then he thought Manual labor was a Mexican.

Your father didn't have much to drink at Christmas. I put a bottle of castor oil in his pint of beer. It kept him going 'til New Year's Day. By the way he received the shirt you sent him with his initials on the sleeve. He said it was the first monogrammed handkerchief he ever owned.

It rained only twice last week. First for three days, and then for four days. Monday it was so windy that one of our chickens laid the same egg four times.

We had a letter yesterday from the undertaker. He said if the last installment wasn't paid on your grandmother within seven days, up she comes.

Your Loving Mother

P.S. I was going to send you $10, but I already sealed the envelope.

P.P.S. If you don't receive this letter, let me know right away.

(Unknown Author)

Just a line to say I'm living, that I'm not among the dead, though I'm getting more forgetful, and mixed up in the head.

I've gotten used to my arthritis, to my dentures I'm resigned. I can manage my trifocals, but, Oh God, I miss my mind.

Sometimes I can't remember when I stand at the food of the stair, if I must go up for something or, if I've just come down from there.

And before the frig so often my poor mind is filled with doubt, have I just put food away, or have I came to take it out.

There are times when it is dark with my nightcap on my head, I don't know if I'm retiring or getting out of bed.

So, if it's my turn to write you, there's no need for getting sore. I may think that I have written, and don't want to be a bore.

So remember, I DO LOVE YOU and wish that you were near. So now it's nearly mail time, so must say "Good-bye my dear."

There I stood at the mailbox with face so very red. Instead of mailing you my letter, I had opened it instead.

TRUE FACTS FROM THE PAST

In 1920 there was a Limestone Pit Mine located about 2 miles from Gold Hill, where the Bristow Silica Plant now stands. Gus Larson, a Boss, advertised for a cook to cook for the employees who worked at the mine. My mother, Marie Ellis Christensen, and her mother, Eva Ellis, answered the ad and were hired. They found they were to cook 6 meals a day instead of the usual 3 meals. One day a Circus Train went through and hit a cow that had wandered onto the railroad track. The train stopped with the lions right over the dead cow. The fresh meat caused quite a ROAR. My mother figured that if the lions broke out of their cage, she was going through a crawl hole above the stove in the kitchen. She was sure the Lions would not get near the hot stove in the kitchen.
Written and submitted by Evalyn Jones.

Local rock quarry alive and well

■ Real Oregon Marble open

By Linda Lindauer
Rogue River Press

There still are fabulous business opportunities available in the Rogue Valley, and for some, it may be as easy as tripping over a rock.

That's almost what happened to Marilyn Burbank and Mike Bird, the owners of Real Oregon Marble.

Bird said he was aware of the quarries in the Gold Hill area before 1992 when one became available and was offered to the Grants Pass-based attorney. What is now known as Real Oregon Marble was in 1916 a limestone quarry and served as the original source for the Gold Hill Cement Plant. The cement plant took materials out of five quarries on Tinpan Peak – known as the Zacher quarries – until 1922 when they switched sources to Wilderville Marble Mountain because of the higher calcium content of that material.

Bird said the original aggregate mine was only 20 acres of the 123-acre property. But with the help of Bill Hicks, an Ashland geologist, the mine owners concluded there was a substantial rock deposit – primarily limestone – still in the mountain. Attending a series of 13 public hearings over the course of 18 months, Bird had the mining operation expanded to 63 acres.

"We also built a better haul road," said Bird. "And sometime during the course of all that, I took a flat rock home with me."

Bird said his wife is a decorative gardener and he thought she might be able to use the dark gray rock with white streaks for her garden.

"I tried to grind it down flatter, but it was harder than I thought it would be," remembered Bird. "A friend loaned me a lapidary saw to cut five sheets. I sanded it and it looked beautiful, like polished marble. Since then, I've also had spheres cut and polished by a sphere cutter in Lebanon, OR and someone has also used it for sculpting."

The rocks aren't the only points of interest Bird found at the aggregate mine. Inside a cave in a box canyon, there is quite a bit of material with crystals, stalagmites and stalactites. He's also discovered some abandoned reminders of the 1916 mining – railroad levers and small ore carts. Bird said he's considering donating the old relics to the Gold Hill Historical Society.

Meanwhile, he's hoping to get through the crushed rock and debris left from the earlier mining operations.

"We have to get to the unfractured, virgin material," he said. "But once we get into a face of the original material, we may come up with stuff for sculptors."

Real Oregon Marble is open and currently selling crushed rock for $6 per yard. For more information call 582-7625 or 1-800-635-7625.

WORD SEARCH

V B C G A C E G I K M O Q S F R U I T S
E U W V B D F H J L C H I C K S N P R N
G W A T E R S U W Y Z A C E G B J L M O
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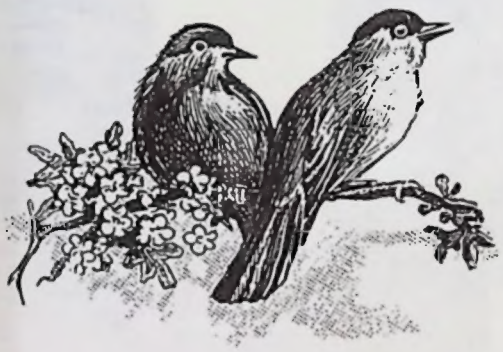

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